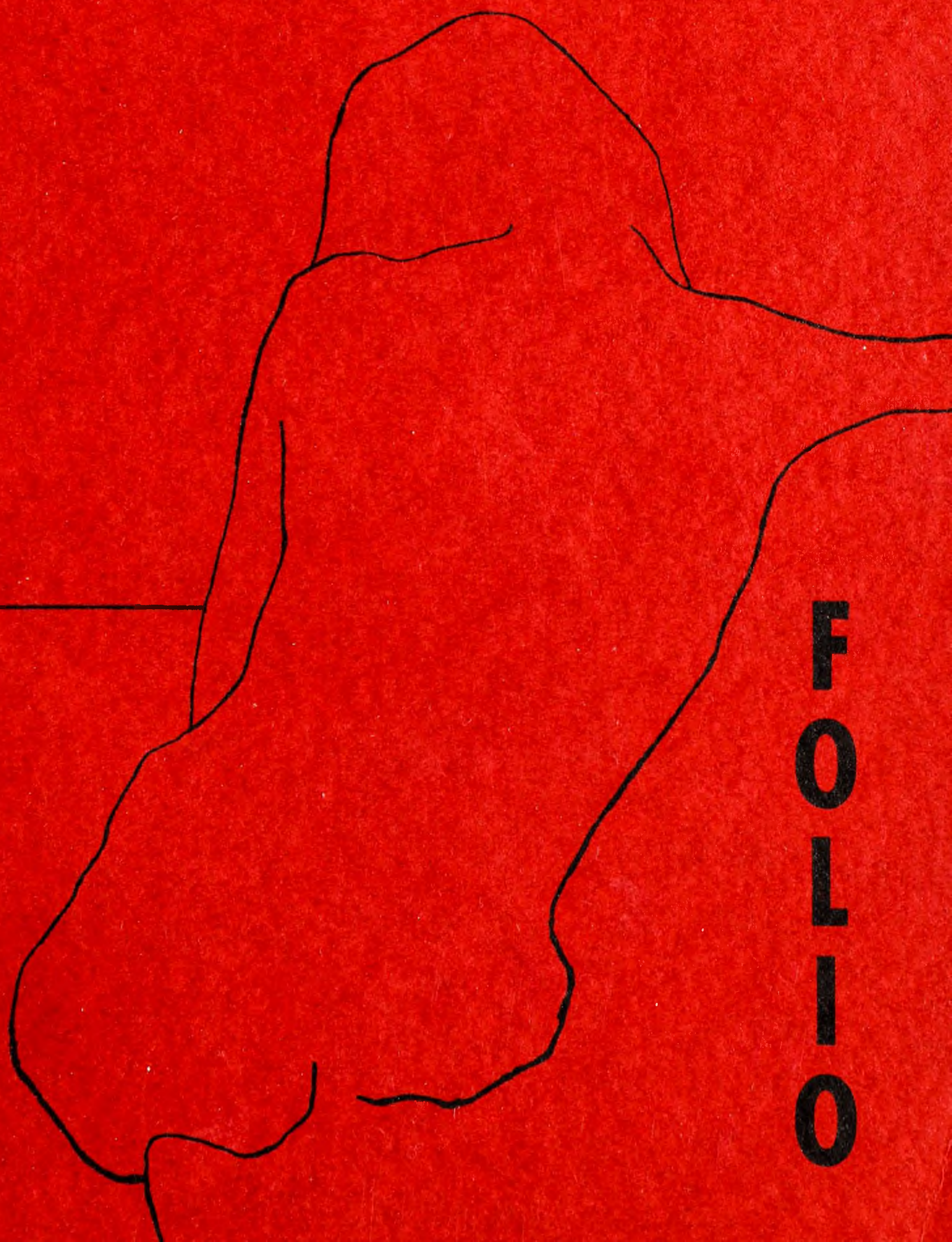


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**FOLIO**







# UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

SPRING 1965, Vol. XVII, No. 2

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## Editorial

A university student literary magazine must cultivate its own contributors year by year. Each fall marks a definite change in the composition of the student body, the only source upon which such a magazine can draw. In this context, the literary magazine's attitude and approach toward the student who is attempting to write merits consideration.

To provide constructive criticism for all contributors (as *Folio* has attempted to do) is, in some respects, naive. In the first place, the majority of student writers do not want detached criticism — they are looking only for praise. The writer who would help, but finds himself confronted with an argument or rationalization by the writer, might just as well forget his advice. The writer is evidently convinced that he has acquired ultimate insight into man's quest for reality, his sexual drives, or his racial antagonisms. Unfortunately, poor writers inevitably tackle these imposing subjects (the subjects that cow even the most successful writers). But essentially of course, they are expressing the outburst of their deepest emotion. To suggest that their mode of expressing it might be crude invites only condescending pity for one who would make such a remark.

The value of critical advice even to a good writer is debatable. To improve his writing, the writer himself must realize its faults and find within himself their correction. His writing is, after all, unique, and its growth must be an integral process; successful grafting is extremely difficult. The critic can hope only to indicate a problem and through suggestion, to prompt within the writer a train of thought that will correct the blemish. The writer who himself corrects the blemish may have improved the selection in question, but he has failed to assist the writer.

It is the latter role — that of helping the writer — which *Folio* attempts to fulfil. Our student writers are still apprentices in their trade. To request fully matured writing from them is not only unfair, but unrealistic and potentially harmful. They are in the process of development and must try their skill. Developing writers must find for themselves a critical apparatus by which to judge and correct their own work. The successful writer finds his own imperfections —and corrects them. In advising a developing writer who shows promise, *Folio* attempts to stimulate the writer's critical impulses to the point where they guide effectively his creative impulses.

There are also personal difficulties involved in constructive criticism. The difficulty of accepting advice (from another student) upon the expression of one's intensest feeling, torturously transposed into words, is very real. After all, unwillingness to accept criticism is

(continued on page 36)



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
Editorial - - - - -	2
the flag — <i>Tammy Graham</i> - - - - -	4
Through A Dark Wood — <i>Barb Garrow</i> - - - - -	5
Let Me Softly — <i>David Simm</i> - - - - -	10
Prize Photos — Stephen Moss, William Thomas, Michael McBirnie, Bob Drader.	
Miss Pringle's Interesting Experience — <i>Don McKay</i> - -	11
Toronto Party — <i>J. D. Robinson</i> - - - - -	13
A Very Personal Gallery — <i>Keith Watson</i> - - - - -	13
Moment and After — <i>Don McKay</i> - - - - -	14
The Pride of Horsechester — <i>John G. Miller</i> - - - - -	15
Lines — <i>Bruce Henry</i> - - - - -	18
Countup Countdown — <i>W. G. Schell</i> - - - - -	19
A Cloying Ritual — <i>Keith Watson</i> - - - - -	19
The Man — <i>Fouad Fanaki</i> - - - - -	20
Adam Peregrine — <i>Dan Pagnucco</i> - - - - -	21
A Charred Bread Crust or The New Morality — <i>J. D. Robinson</i> -	22
Elegy For W. Churchill — <i>John Clement</i> - - - - -	22
Ben, Part I — <i>Tammy Graham</i> - - - - -	23
Part II - - - - -	27
Photo Section — Jean Burkholder, Lyle McNair, Hans Martin, Arnim Walter.	
Poem — <i>Isabel Howey</i> - - - - -	32
Drawing — <i>Isabel Howey</i> - - - - -	33
The Reader's Digest in Orillia — <i>J. D. Robinson</i> - - - - -	34
The Dream of Eve — <i>T. Graham</i> - - - - -	35
Little Walls — <i>R.S.L.</i> - - - - -	35
Alumni Association Awards - - - - -	36



## *the flag*

we never were any good at the game  
so they figured we needed a flag  
to spur us on

in a huddle of grey hairs

they muddled in MP manoeuvres  
until umpires applied for pensions  
and limies left the land

while in the stands

the Japanese made millions  
and french fires cooked cold potatoes

but finally decided  
after careful consideration

that for the sake of something or other  
a sneak pass was the play  
number one at three-quarter time  
hiked down to the supermarket

we never were any good at the game  
but if clean linen means anything, we've got it.

Tammy Graham



## THROUGH A DARK WOOD

"In the middle of the journey of our life I came to myself in a dark wood where the straight way was lost."

—*Dante Alighieri*

"Clare — Hey — Over here!" In reply the striking dark-haired girl nodded and waved from the lunchline. Lifting her tray, she picked her way among the tables to the group, at the moment consisting of three boys and a girl.

"Hi guys!" she greeted them as she sat down. "What's the news?"

"Zilch . . . Zotto . . . Rien!"

"Oh, you won't believe it!"

"What, Martin?" she asked teasingly.

"Ol' Hartwell gave me an A- on my Phil. essay."

"You're kidding! What were the marks like? Seventy-five per cent A's?"

"Well I guess not, eh? Four A's in the whole class!"

"God, Marty, I'm impressed!"

"Who got the rest — anybody we know?" this from Sheri, the small blonde beside Clare.

"Dear old Gord Johnson for one."

"Oh Hell, he's dark chocolate anyway!" commented Dave.

"Yeah, the worst browner I ever saw!" Bob agreed.

"Hey, so you got an A, Marty. You may pass yet."

"Dave, let me tell you something boy — a B average looks big this year."

"Listen to the man!"

The conversation proceeded in this familiar manner. From time to time Clare interjected a few appropriate comments, then gazed aimlessly out at the crowded cafeteria. Momentarily she returned her attention to the group at the table.

"Parker, you wick, will you stop using my glove as an ashtray!"

"Oh, sorry Dave — missed the ashtray. Don't sweat it though," He dipped his napkin in the soupbowl. "I'll wipe it off with this soup."

Dave grabbed the glove. "Clean up your act, will you Parker?"

"Sheri, was Sue in class yesterday?"

"Now, Bob," Sheri teased, "I thought you said you weren't interested in Sue any more."

"Me . . . Interested . . . Sue?"

"As a matter of fact, she was wondering why you hadn't called lately."



“Hey — yeah?”

“Hang in there, Bob, you may have something going for you.”

Clare’s attention drifted off again. The talk at lunch was the same every day — schoolwork, people you knew, the cafeteria food. The cafeteria sounds rose about her crushingly — the muted roar of voices, the clatter of dishes, the wailing of folk music from the P.A. Now and then a voice from the table filtered through to her.

“Be nice, Sheri, or I’ll tell you your roots are showing.”

Clare smiled but her mood settled on her again. ‘Is this all they think about?’ she wondered. ‘Don’t they get bored with it at all?’

“Well, time to pack it in, group. I’ve got to hit this Eliot. Big test next week.”

‘Eliot!’ Clare stared at the smoke-hazed faces around her and images of Eliot’s “Unreal City” floated into her conscious.

“Clare?” She realized they were waiting for her to answer.

“Yeah?”

“You going home now?”

“Yeah, I think I will.”

“Want a ride?”

“Sure Marty.”

Clasping her knees and shivering, Clare inspected the puffs of foggy breath in front of her.

“Clare?” Marty questioned as he started the car.

“What?”

The engine caught and Marty headed for the parking lot exit.

“What’s the matter with you lately?”

“What do you mean?”

“I don’t know, you seem so quiet — different.”

“Well, all the time lately I seem to feel dissatisfied — sort of vaguely dissatisfied. I can’t think of any concrete reason. It’s kind of hard to explain.”

“Give it a try.”

“It’s like . . . do you ever get the feeling that nothing is important any more, that nothing matters?”

“You mean, like you just don’t care about anything?”

“Yeah,” she nodded.

“Sure — right after exams — all I want to do is go out and get bombed.”

She tried not to let her frustration show. “No, not then. I mean other times — like when you sit in the cafeteria day after day and it’s all so dull but you go and sit there anyway.”

His eyebrow shot up and he looked at her disparagingly — as if



there were something wrong with her. "Uh-uh," he shook his head. "Are you sure you know what you mean?"

"There's no use. You just don't see what I'm trying to tell you. I can't explain exactly what I mean."

Clare leaned back in the seat. The slight frustration she had felt disappeared. In its place she was becoming aware of a strange sense of foreboding as if something was struggling to reach her consciousness, yet at the same time she was pushing it back. 'He didn't know what I meant,' she mused going over it once again, 'and neither would anyone else if I tried to explain it.' Suddenly the feeling became terrifyingly clear. 'He can know part of me and other people might know the parts he doesn't, but no one can ever know all of me.' She sat tensed, overpowered by this new knowledge of aloneness. Deep inside something wanted to call for help but she felt it would be too embarrassing if she tried to talk about it to Marty.

The car bumped into the House driveway.

"Listen, I'll phone you tomorrow night and tell you what time we're going."

With effort, Clare extracted herself from her thoughts. "Going . . . where?"

"The basketball game, you nut. You were the one who wanted to see it!"

"Oh yeah . . . yeah! O.K. See you tomorrow. Thanks for the ride."

"Fine. You better get to bed early tonight, kid. I'd say you could use some sleep."

She waved as the car pulled away, then turned and walked into the house.

Thank goodness it was only four o'clock. Hardly any of the other girls were home yet. Clare hung up her coat, then went upstairs to her room. She closed her door behind her, flicked on the radio and set her books down on her desk.

"Oh, hi roomie, you're home early!"

Clare started at Nancy's voice.

"Yeah, just couldn't handle any more classes today." She regarded Nancy in a new light, almost as a stranger.

"I guess I'll go to the laundromat. Want anything done?"

"No thanks, I have to go in a couple of days anyway."

"O.K. See you later."

"Yeah, 'bye."

The door clicked shut and the turmoil reconverged on Clare. She stepped over to the window to look out as she was thinking, a habit she seemed always to have had. Outside was the snow-covered yard, and beyond, a clump of woods. The sun was struggling to get



through the clouds and shone in patches on the clump of trees. Strange how her idea of woods had changed over the years. When she had been in early high school, she had always thought of a forest as a beautiful place to go when you wanted to be alone. In the centre there was always a sunny patch where you could sit down and think. And when you were finished you could walk out and feel at peace. Lately though, the word 'forest' had had a different connotation. It was a dark, fearful place where you were alone and lost, unable to find your way out.

Now she returned to the sensation she had experienced in the car — the feeling that she was alone, imprisoned within herself. While she was saying goodbye to Marty and talking to Nancy, she had tried to hide the feeling, but now it overpowered her again. It seemed as if she had been staggered by a blow and was still in a state of shock — numbed. Some part of her urged her to fight her way out of it but she couldn't seem to consolidate her energy for the attempt.

After standing for a minute or two by the window, Clare turned away and headed for her desk. Maybe by busying herself with cleaning up the room she could overcome the oppressiveness she felt. Sure enough after working for awhile straightening up her desk, the numbness began to recede a bit. The radio was still playing — rather mournful sounding music at the moment. She wondered vaguely if it were due to Churchill's death. Gradually her mood changed. She had a strange feeling that some new and deeper level of her personality had been uncovered — a level that she had never been with and didn't yet know. By this time she had arranged the room so that it looked unusually neat — at least for her and Nancy. She was setting out her books ready for work when the five o'clock news came on. The first announcement was the news of Churchill's death the day before. Clare listened solemnly to the news the world had been expecting for so long. Without thinking about it she had put off her sentimentality until the moment when the waiting was over and the era had ended. Now she listened reflectively to the description of the death, the funeral plans and the tributes from the nations. There was some other world news and then the sombre music began again.

At this point the door opened and Nancy came back in. Once inside the door she dropped her laundry bag, threw up her hands and widened her eyes in mock amazement.

"My God, I must be in the wrong room. My room has never been this neat!"

"You like that, huh, Nance?" Clare smiled.

"What got into you anyway? This is profoundly out of character."

"Anything to put off the books, you know."



Nancy hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Clare, have you been really depressed lately?"

"Well yeah, kind of — why?"

"I don't know. You've been kind of different the past while — broody. Think you'll snap out of it soon?"

"Oh, with my strength of character I just may pull through."

Nancy laughed. "Great, that's the old spirit — biting sarcasm and all." She looked at her watch. "Oh Hell. Ten to six and I'm on supper. Better get down there and set the tables or Mrs. Keyes'll have a bird. She ran over to the dresser, swiped a brush through her hair and dashed out the door. In a few minutes the supper bell rang and Clare went down to the dining room.

At supper the conversation began with what had happened at school that day. Clare said a few words and then lapsed into silence. "Gee, you're quiet lately, Clare," Lynn commented at one point.

"Just be happy with the respite, Lynn," Clare responded. "It won't last."

Finally, someone mentioned Churchill's death and the remaining dinner talk centered on this topic.

After having coffee, Clare went up to her room. The rest were still in the living-room, reading the paper, playing bridge and finishing their coffee. As soon as she got into her room, Clare sat down on the one soft chair. It was time to think this thing out. What after all had happened? It was simple, really. She had finally realized what aloneness meant. Did the other kids know how it was and just never say anything, or hadn't they gone through it? 'Maybe it happens to everybody,' she thought. 'In fact, I'll bet it does, but it's just something nobody ever discusses.'

As she paused in her thinking, Clare realized she was staring at the radio. The newscast of Churchill's death recurred to her. She pictured the man standing alone in the dark hours with so much weighing on his shoulders. As she imagined him, she projected her new-found aloneness onto him. He had felt, of necessity, a tremendous aloneness of responsibility, but was it like the aloneness she felt now? With sudden clarity she felt that he and men like him had experienced her type of aloneness long, long before they ever needed the strength to stand alone the way they had. 'This is the whole thing!' she thought jubilantly. 'I've got it. I've really got something!'

The spreading warmth of exhilaration was delicious. As Clare stood up a sense of strength flowed through her. It was as if she had a new backlog of power, a base. She smiled and walked over to the window. The clouds had dispersed somewhat and the sun was shining a bit more on the trees. Looking at the woods, she realized that her image of them had changed again — it wasn't so powerful anymore. Yet she knew that if ever she wanted to go back into them again, they would be friendly.



Clare turned back to the empty room. In the distance she could hear the voices of the others downstairs. Now there was nothing holding her back. She wanted to be with them again. Yet at the same time she understood that she would never be afraid to be deeply alone again. If there were moments when she had to be alone, they would be almost like a venture — a venture into inner living instead of an adventure into life outside.

Still smiling, Clare ran out of the room. She bounded down the stairs and into the living-room. Clusters of girls were scattered around, a few on the sofa or chairs and the rest on the rug.

“Will you regard that smile!” someone yelled out. “Hey, Clare, turn off the dazzle before you blind someone!”

“Who needs a fourth for bridge?” she asked happily.

“Over here, Clare.”

Halfway over to the group on the floor she jumped up in the air and let out a yell. Then she sat down at her place as the laughter subsided.

“What’s the word, kid?” her partner asked.

“Golden, just golden!”

*Barb Garrow*

## *Let Me Softly*

The world walks away from me trickling rain,  
on suckling fields, across my thorny lips.  
I’m left cold with blood-caked finger-tips,  
slung on sharp wire, hands clutching barbed pain.  
Forsaken, I curse this unloving world,  
close tight my eyes, huddle my bleeding heart,  
‘till a sunny wench fills that steeled part,  
opens it with a whole heart uncurled.  
Waked, we cross that drenched land, walking  
hand in hand, the silver twine unwinding  
from my unclenched fist, passed finding.  
The world, I and she, we three start talking  
lingering in love. But stop awhile world  
for me, and let me softly love this girl.

David Simm





FIRST PRIZE

STEPHEN MOSS

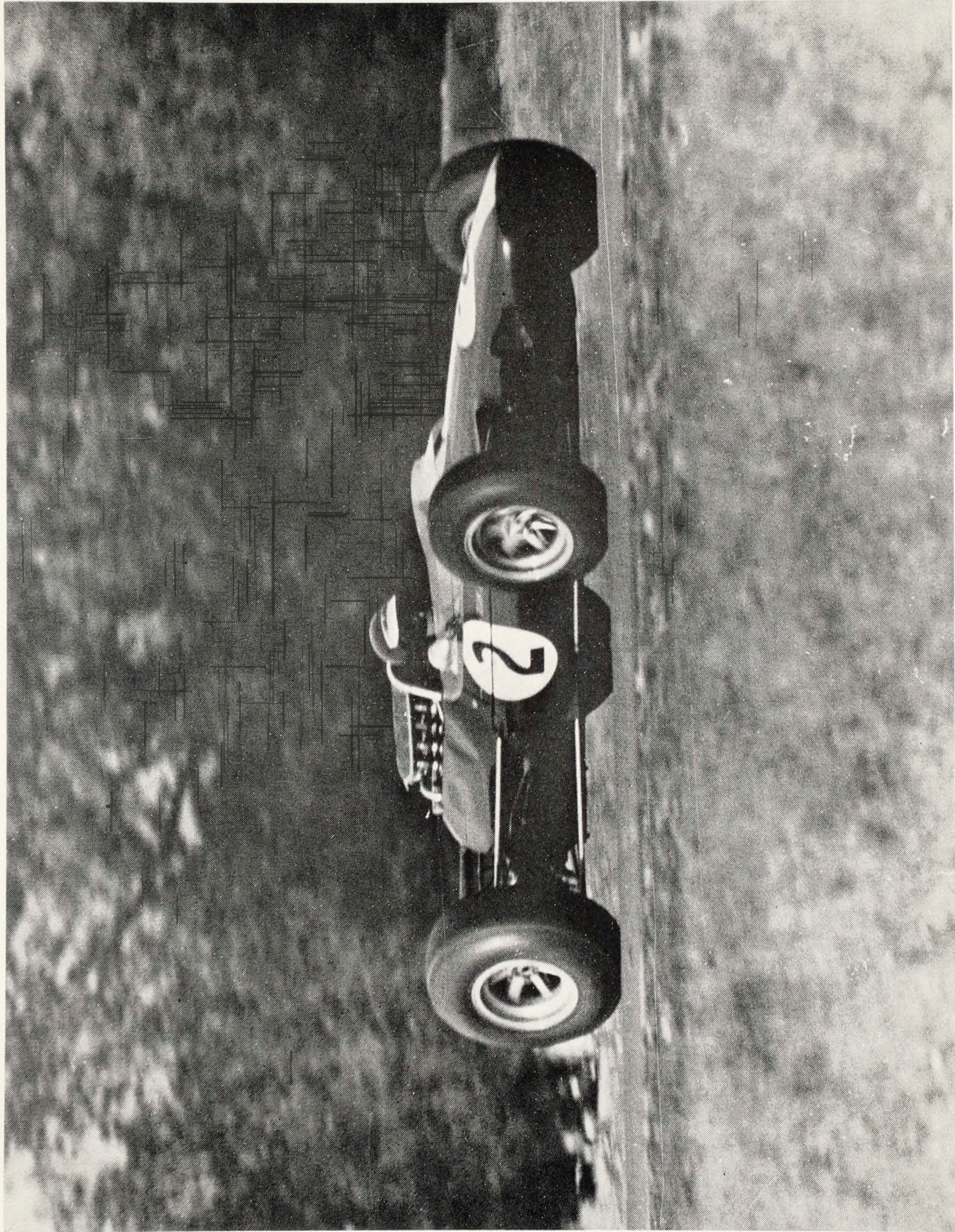




SECOND PRIZE

WM. THOMAS





McBIRNIE

Honourable Mention





Honourable Mention

BOB DRADER



## *Miss Pringle's Interesting Experience*

A weird optometrist, office  
Right on main street, fits  
Miss Pringle of Middlesex  
Protesting, with motorcycle monocles  
For her myopic necrophilia  
(Ready, one, two and . . . )

Whirled her twirled her—  
My goodness—into the soup bowl, stirred  
The letters to the top, mixed up  
Peas n' Porridge, green peppers  
In the stew, screwed  
Up clickety clack the  
Streetcar track, swerved  
Unnerved past the— tee hee—  
Floodlit steeple, the  
Bing

Bing

Bong

Bong . . .

Bells

Going ragtime bingety bongety bing bong baby  
Chased unchaste over the a-spiring  
Erection tilting dreadnought red hot  
Mama, watch out watch out!  
She squeals and wheels  
Cantdriveitparkit  
Terror of the supermarket.

*—continued on next page*



And everybody wondered  
What got Miss Pringle down  
(Or was it up she was?)  
But though they sat and pondered  
Not a single person in the town  
Could form a diagnosis  
Perhaps a new thrombosis  
Or multiple sclerosis  
Has paralyzed her brain?  
(She really isn't sane you know)  
The terrible Miss Pringle.

Dr. Benedict de Jekyll, office  
Right on main street, closes  
Sharp at five, chuckles and flies  
Home to his cottage and Lucrezia  
Single and Pringle no more.  
The viaduct is breaking up  
(Those injuns, really!)

                    Fair  
My                      Lady —  
  O.

Don McKay



# TORONTO PARTY

February 22, 1964 — a day to be forgotten like the thrill of licking my one hundredth four cent stamp. Framed by a ceaseless procession of white-cloaked mourners and covered by the grime of unwashed glass, my reflection hangs suspended in the night. Beyond, a room with virgin papers on the floor and senseless laughing people in the doorway floats among the needlework of wires and unleafed branches. I am in both and neither room.

All of God's children sit barefoot beneath a tree, cracking walnuts and playing with the shells. The inner meat is different and so much fun in eating; who cares for broken shells lying in the grass when all God's children wear their shoes back home?

Toronto, London, five floors high in Pittsburgh — an orderly progression in time alone. The days are interchangeable, each like two weeks Thursday; chronology is just a word with three o's. I make my memories by roulette, this wheel for time and that for place. Choose a babbling mouth by number — is the system hot or cold? Gamble without losses, bet and never win. Each combination is unique but all are just the same. Our evening shadows on the grass are all distinct in shape and size and movement but share the common drabness of being only shadow. We cannot say which shells belonged to you and which were mine — the future has its common past — so they are one and we are one.

I am a fraction staring at the night. The laughing people beckon and I leave to become whole.

*J. D. Robinson*

## *A Very Personal Gallery*

Mobiles dangle inside my skull.  
Ears and eyes and crawlies all  
Are pasted on a bony wall;  
In a reservoir of maggot's remains  
And a spectral screen of strawberry stains;  
In a playground of fops and kings  
And a treasure vault of some . . . worth while things.

Keith Watson



## *Moment and After*

Hunched  
Brinkwise mirrored on the edge  
Fingers scrapes initial  
Into an astral pane, over and under  
Frost bits cling  
Under the nail  
Melting . . .  
  
Into a crystal pool, the gazer's chalice  
Peers Alyosha  
A window-shopping Alice  
Prices the mechanical monkey with the drum  
'Bach and four speeds and wets'  
Real water  
Down in the dog-deep ravine

\* \* \* \*

Was *that*  
The uncut version?  
The poster said  
There should be a goddess  
(Grecian beauty in a cast of thousands)  
Bathing perchance  
Or nymphly-naked gazing  
As we gazed, into a crystal pool, her hair  
All wet, the droplets  
Only the droplets on the glass.  
  
'I liked it  
When the bird crapped on his head'  
*O Yes we have no dianas*  
'He filled his bird-bath with arsenic  
To fix the little yellow bastard:'  
  
O Yes we have no dianas  
O Yes we have no dianas  
We've got a special on toy piranhas  
Down in the dog-deep ravine.

Don McKay



# THE PRIDE OF HORSECHESTER

It was a town you could very easily miss while travelling. And if you saw it in the early Spring you'd wish you *had* missed it. For the town of Horsechester in the Spring bore a marked resemblance to a feeding station for workhorses after a five day flood. Spring! The time of year they write songs about, the time of year you wish you were in Paris, or Brantford, the time of year when flowers bloom and birds sing and young men's fancies turn to thoughts of love. But not in Horsechester.

The casual traveller who braves the washed-out hazards of Road Allowance #8 in southern Hadfield County will come to, and quite likely pass by, the turnoff marked by a rotted plank which the Chamber of Commerce and the Knights of Columbus tacked up during the summer of '56. The sign announces the population of Horsechester as 175, but local pundits insist there are at least 180. One of the town gentry remarked last year between spits of tobacco that he remembered "way back before the depression" when the population soared to 191. But everyone knew how it was with old Nick.

In some years when the crops are bad, certain established citizens exaggerate their numbers to the Federal census taker — just to keep the figures straight — by saying that "Ol' Ben's out in the far pasture" or "Sam'll be back with the 12 children tomorrow." But they know perfectly well that they buried Ben in that pasture last Fall and if Sam ever does come back, his wife'll want to know what has kept him away for six months.

But when the crops are in and the pungent smell of fertilizer rises from the newly-tilled earth, young men's, and in fact, the whole town's fancies turn to the Knights of Columbus baseball field which has lain idle for the five winter months. For everyone as far away as Crushfield Corners has heard of the famous Horsechester Haymakers who have won every title for 15 years in the Hadfield County Hardball league. They are baseball immortals. Born to play ball.

Only once had a game ever gone nine innings, as most contests were usually called by curfew before the other team even got to bat. That had been the playoff game between Horsechester and the Harron District 4H Club Tiller in '58, and the fans had got up for the seventh inning stretch and never sat down again. The other team had actually been allowed to score a run.

The next day, manager Gabby Street made a public apology and said that "the boys had probably let down a mite in the late innings." Gabby had quite a reputation for his eloquence. He was also quite the town hero because a few years back he had played for the Aldrich Lumber Lunks of the Senior Intercounty League. He was the only one from Horsechester who had ever made it to the big leagues and



so it was natural he would manage the Haymakers. He still did play some, although he was well over 50. He was the kind of man that, if you met him on the street, you would tingle all over and be at a loss for words. Several oldtimers said Gabby was the best ever and everybody believed them. Because Gabby was one of them. And he had made it big.

So on the big day of the first game of the season, the entire population of Horsechester trooped down to the K. of C. field below the Intercolonial Railway tracks to see what Gabby had come up with in the way of a team. Everybody, of course, but old widow Hopkins who "didn't hold no stock in men wastin' time hittin' balls with sticks and makin' fools of themselves in front of folks." So the rest of the town filled up the old wooden stands at the park. And fill them they did. One hundred seventy-nine tumultuous fans howling for the opposing pitcher's earned run average. Odds favored the Haymakers. One to four and a five-cent pack of Old Gent.

There were tears in the eyes of some of the players when they took the field, and folks knew that Gabby had given them another eloquent pep talk. Gabby got the biggest ovation, of course, and some said afterwards that the sound of the cheering made the church bell in town start chiming in resonance. Then there was big Luke Cowshed who had been with the team for seven years. Some said he could break a bat over his wrist but no one ever saw him do it. The shortstop, Sparky Nester, was a big favorite with the crowd and the way he'd field line drives off his chest reminded folks of Gabby in his prime. Sparky didn't hold any stock in wearing a glove and said that it was "them fool scientists trying to confuse the game." A few folks thought Sparky was almost as eloquent as Gabby but they never let Gabby know about it.

Well, since it was Horsechester's home game, the umpire and town undertaker, Christey Haskins, said the Haymakers should take the field, and directly quoted from the County Hardball rule book. That made several folks feel that he was a real umpire after all and not just chosen because he was the only person in town who owned a black suit and whisk broom.

The game started slowly when "Lefty" Wright took 12 pitches to strike out the side, and everyone wondered if ol' Lefty was losing his stuff. Anyway, thing began looking up when Sparky Nester tripled off the centrefielder's head, and the new French-Canadian third baseman, Jacques Larue, hit a home run over the tracks and ran around the bases twice before the fielder caught up to it. "We play her deefereent een Quebec," he said.

One thing that may be noted is that Gabby was a stickler of statistics. He once figured out how many pitches were thrown in one inning and announced it over the P.A. system, which is also Judge



Murphy with a megaphone. That made the hometowners swell up with pride and say: "There's nothing bush league about our Gabby."

But "Lefty" Wright struck out to end the inning and was so ashamed that he walked the first man he faced. The crowd hushed as Gabby strode to the mound and took the ball from his pitcher. And then a gasp came from one hundred seventy-nine throats. Gabby was going to pitch himself!

Nobody saw the first pitch he threw, except that a few folks heard the sound of something real fast and saw Pigpen McClernahy, the catcher, fall backwards off his stool with his glove smoking a little. Well, old Christey Haskins consulted with Judge Murphy and spent five minutes trying to find something in the rule book. It was evident that a pitch *had* been thrown and that it had to be called a strike or a ball. A good argument was shaping up when John P. Hernshaw, B.A., Deputy Reeve for the whole county, suggested they call it a ball and a strike so that no one's feelings would be hurt. Well, that seemed fair all around, and the game went on, despite Gabby's protests that his statistics would be all upset.

I guess when Gabby struck out the side in the bottom of the ninth, folks were ready to declare him a national hero. There was some talk of running him for Prime Minister, although Gabby himself had said that he would leave the running of the country to people better qualified. He was that modest.

The parade made its way up to the town hall led by Bessie Smith and her K. of C. Young Dahlia Marching Band. Widow Hopkins was there with cider and beans for all (she had watched the game through her spectroscope). And when Gabby stood up and announced that "Horsechester would long remember this hour," folks knew then and there that Gabby was just about the finest thing to happen to the town since Judge Murphy standardized outdoor plumbing.

So if you're ever up Hadfield County way and driving along Road Allowance #8 near the Horsechester turnoff, give an ear to the wind. If you don't hear any cheering you'll know that the Hay-makers are on the road.

*John G. Miller*



## *Lines*

Written in (memory of) Alma while overhearing  
(sleeping in) snatches of a conversation,  
or a monologue, of Gentle Irv's, outside my  
window, babe.

April's the meanest  
Me bones rattle, with the carriage tracks  
Up there. Over, Head. The worm crawling  
Out of even my right eye?  
is tickled by  
The daisy root pushing below the  
Bright flower pushes above. I  
Push it. Shove it?

Everything pourrishes  
I smell decaying wood.  
The daisy's root hath penetrated it  
My yellow pupil-white petal eyeball  
Shoots above.

It bleeds as hearse wheels horse drawn  
Crush over it. Dem bones rattle.  
Dayeseye reduced to elemental juices  
I to basic bones  
Horse led hearse over me (here comes the climax)  
—axles break—Total collapse and melding of images  
as  
Bones fall into a heap  
sort of thing.

Bruce Henry



## *Countup Countdown*

let my soul  
be boarded on  
a rocket,  
strapped to it alone  
and not the world,  
blasted through  
all tugging situations  
up  
where soon  
the number one  
will be forgotten.  
blast it up  
but leave me down.

W. G. Schell

## *A Cloying Ritual*

A blue bird smacked into my clear picture window.  
He screamed and horribly died.  
Who carries a shroud for dead flying things?  
May anthems drone in down-filled nests,  
And mass be warbled in oaks,  
And wine be spilled from a broken-egg chalice.  
Pall-bearers in feathery cassocks,  
And sermons from toothless jaws  
Quote parables from myths.  
Spades dig sewers as well as graves;  
Etched stones litter the street,  
And honest men swear at beads.  
Pulpits use scripture to light a cigar,  
And cruets clink in the dark,  
And all you did, little bird, was die.

Keith Watson





Fouad Faraki



## *Adam Peregrine*

This is doomsday for Adam Peregrine  
Hah! surprised when he throws the wind  
in gear and nothing, blood spurts like  
green brake shooting up the tree staked  
in the garden, an age undone, red line at rock-bottom  
innocence bargained for by selling shoes door-to-door  
a line assembled with factory-defect soles, yet merchandisable  
he has sold none today, none yesterday  
careening down the pike, munching food in cellophane  
and returning, returning to the shack and the little swollen woman,  
Until that son-of-a-gun with the diamond pin bought the lot  
suddenly, what do you know  
Adam Peregrine unbound whistling round the curve returning  
feels the pin slip against the tree wheels into an apocalypse  
towed away by a truck, grieved by a wife thumbing through tears—  
somewhere it says Births and Deaths accepted by telephone.

Dan Pagnucco



## *A Charred Bread Crust or The New Morality*

Riveted lovers burn on a black fire  
escape, an ironwork of welded hate.  
Cold glass eyes smolder bolted desire;  
Metal stares sear stiff loins on the grate,  
buckle the cement wall, a heaving mesh  
sweating steel, 'till nut and bolt yawn a chasm  
with the breaking dawn. The sun flaking flesh,  
they collapse rusty in an iron spasm,  
lapse in dried lust. Misfits in crimson dust  
scrambling over a scrap pile, nails clawing,  
finding they feed on a charred bread crust,  
clamber up the black fire case, past awnings  
to the hot tin roof, baked eyes blinking  
only to see the scorched sun sinking.

David Simm

## *Elegy For W. Churchill*

I had a teddy bear once  
whom sometimes crunched  
between the wall and the chair  
a pooh sort of bear  
without much hair  
whom I loved and fed  
daily lunch

When his stuffing came out  
and mine stayed in  
when his time with me  
had come and been  
then I put him away  
one small day  
and there I let him lie.  
I don't disturb him  
praise and blurb him  
all over my small world.

john clement



# BEN

To appreciate Ben Hanson you had to feel the Maritime way of life. You had to know that money's hard to come by and real love is one of those indefinables that only comes with time. You had to ignore a lot of that cant about the ten golden rules to good living and dig into the realities of wind and rain and sea. You had to tear down the white and gold pillared facades the Americans had repainted every spring. Ben was a Maritimer with real sense for some things . . . like most challenges he dealt with the sea, sailing craft, and women by instinct. If you asked him, he would have told you that there weren't any deep mysteries about life . . . though he would be the first to tell you how the wind rose at sunset and made you feel it was both end and beginning, like it was time to settle and time to start . . . that you didn't know whether you ought to tack in harbour or leave it all behind. But this isn't mystery to a Maritimer. He couldn't tell you much about ultimate happiness for all men, but he knew all about being a Loner . . . among many.

Ben was born the oldest into a mammoth family that had little pride and less love in their general make-up. He hardly slept at home after he was twelve, and any father he knew was someone to feed and board him. His buddies were water rats who'd steal the shirt off a corpse. He got enough schooling to read and write, and more, but necessity and his peculiar reason told him that for what he wanted out of life no book learning would be of much use. You would see him down working on the fish piers, or somewhere on the peninsula hauling wood, doing odd jobs around the village. Once he went off logging for awhile . . . but generally he'd do just so much to keep him in smokes and liquor. He wasn't a bad worker when he was sober enough but he had a peculiar habit of making sudden decisions about coming and going — when he was given to brooding he often came to the conclusion that there wasn't much use in any activity except sleep. Now, it may seem laziness to those of us who pretend to righteous toil and are out for security, but to anyone who gets onto the track of life's absurdity it's a natural consequence of either logical thinking or feeling. What's illogical about it all is when you don't do something to try and make life a little less absurd, but I don't know really what the answer to it all is . . . I do know that Ben Hanson *felt* life's absurdity more than he'd think it out with any logic. It was a matter of daily existence. But you know, no matter how alone you are in this world, someone's bound to ask you to choose, to make some solid decisions about Being Something in the World. Now, considering Ben's life was either spent in laughter or tears, decisions were everyday affairs, until he'd left behind him in the dust a trail of monuments to absurdity, so he'd



say. The trouble was, if you ever came to love a guy like Ben — with every laugh you felt time slip and something stick in your throat . . . that is, you began to feel all he was feeling, and more. You became conscious that this is the way half the world lives and feels.

Ben was like some tall Viking spirit bronzed with sun and wind. He seemed destined for the sea and a hard life that would never really break him, and two thirds of his time ashore would be squandered on liquor, women and the brig . . . in that order. There're all sorts of disparaging things you could say about Ben since we've got at least a million names for people who don't set up security as their Idol and self-controlled common sense as their Church but like I said, you had to know he was a Maritimer and his motivations were right there in that primaeval rockbound sea lashed wind whipped crying country where when you took out to sea you only hoped to God you'd come safe in. When Ben figured you were being hypocritical or putting it on he'd let you know in no uncertain terms your make-up wasn't plastered right. He didn't generally pretend to be something he wasn't by natural inclination. He didn't have any idols to speak of and was always dirty Ben if you asked. He used to talk to me, though he was lots older than me. He had a way with kids and you could see him often on the piers whittling away at something, waiting for Carsen's barge, wearing his torn and faded denims and heavy work boots, with a couple of the Fisher Kids nearby. Somehow he made other people look less real. He had a smooth way of moving about, like everyday was Sunday and unholy as they come, and he made most city folks nosing around look like multi-coloured woodpeckers. He sort of got on legit people's nerves and you knew he never did it from spite, just natural inclination. But there's something about Ben that needs telling and as difficult as it may be to walk into a life that's not your own, it's one of these things we all have to get around to before we die. But *can* you get down to the dead level of existence and show how it happened Ben was Ben? It's like I'd like to pick up one of his monuments to absurdity and show it to the world as not absurd at all . . . it was so full of laughter and tears, his life. As I said, Maritime affection comes with time, and unconsciously, in their contrary way . . . with curses, denials, and threats. Ben and the sea, Ben and women, if they ever came to love one another it was because they compromised . . . and that's why what he felt for Lili Demesne was never love, but something stranger and crueller. Generally, when it came to making friends it didn't matter who you were as long as you weren't putting it on. He wanted to know you because you had something to add by just being what you were . . . and you'd have a friend, though he couldn't advance you in any material way. You may have learned more about just living, the sea, and boats, and fish and old sea tales he'd learned off the



old cronies in the fish ghettos. He claimed he could predict weather and female squalls intuitively. All his particulars were bound up in one mesh of vivid ironic experience. If you wanted one, you got them all, and they were pretty live. He never had much in the way of concrete things, like clothes, money . . . and maybe that's why he was so easy to get along with. But he had the heart of a seaman and the generosity of ten guys. I definitely admired him and my mom didn't care if I knew him, and it mattered then.

His buddy in arms was the son of a skinny American journalist who'd made good with a grubby magazine in the States and come to settle permanently in the village. Like his Dad, Flick was sort of depreciative of most everything that existed. He and Ben agreed on the uselessness of life but they sort of went about it differently. It was sort of a *carpe diem* outlook. Ben was open and generous while Flick was secretive like a cat and stingy about everything he owned. Ben realized that Flick was more conscious about absurdities than he, but Ben had more charm than Flick, and the two of them got along tremendously well kicking at life's circular stupidities, and were generally in a continuous uproar including good cheap rum and natural spirits. But sometimes Flick got on his friend's back about his bad habit of overdoing things that weren't worth the effort. I mean, if you hold the world's absurd you oughtn't to treat it as if it were in any way serious. Ben was rather forgetful, if you could call it that. He'd do a stupid thing five times over with deceiving variations, and each time he'd get in a mess he'd curse himself and his Lungfish Maker, so he called Him, for creating him so clueless. He never made promises for the future, however. Ben lost his precious homemade canoe again and again to the old sharks on the piers. It was a real laugh — even Ben began to appreciate it, but ironically enough Flick considered downright impractical the things the two of them would have to do to patch up problems you could see coming a mile off. But, you might say, no adherents to any philosophy of life are absolutely invulnerable. It had to be conceded that Flick stuck by Ben . . . until a great irrational bombshell exploded betwixt them.

There was something pagan-heroic about Ben's simplicity but he was a real live non-dreamer. He and Flick must have fallen out of the cradle pretty early, people used to say. The two of them thought real, lived real, and never pretended they were out for anything but a good time in this world. And yet, all the time I knew them, they were irresistibly human. They lived and loved the filth and the sun and the rain of the little village-life, and made it alive with their innate madness and colour. But they were never cruel to kids or anyone pressured or old . . . it was as if they had felt all *this* . . . the inhumanity of man to man . . . and as long as they lived would see in every individual his basic human worth and pain. Ben even came to school once in a while to liven things up. School was always kicks

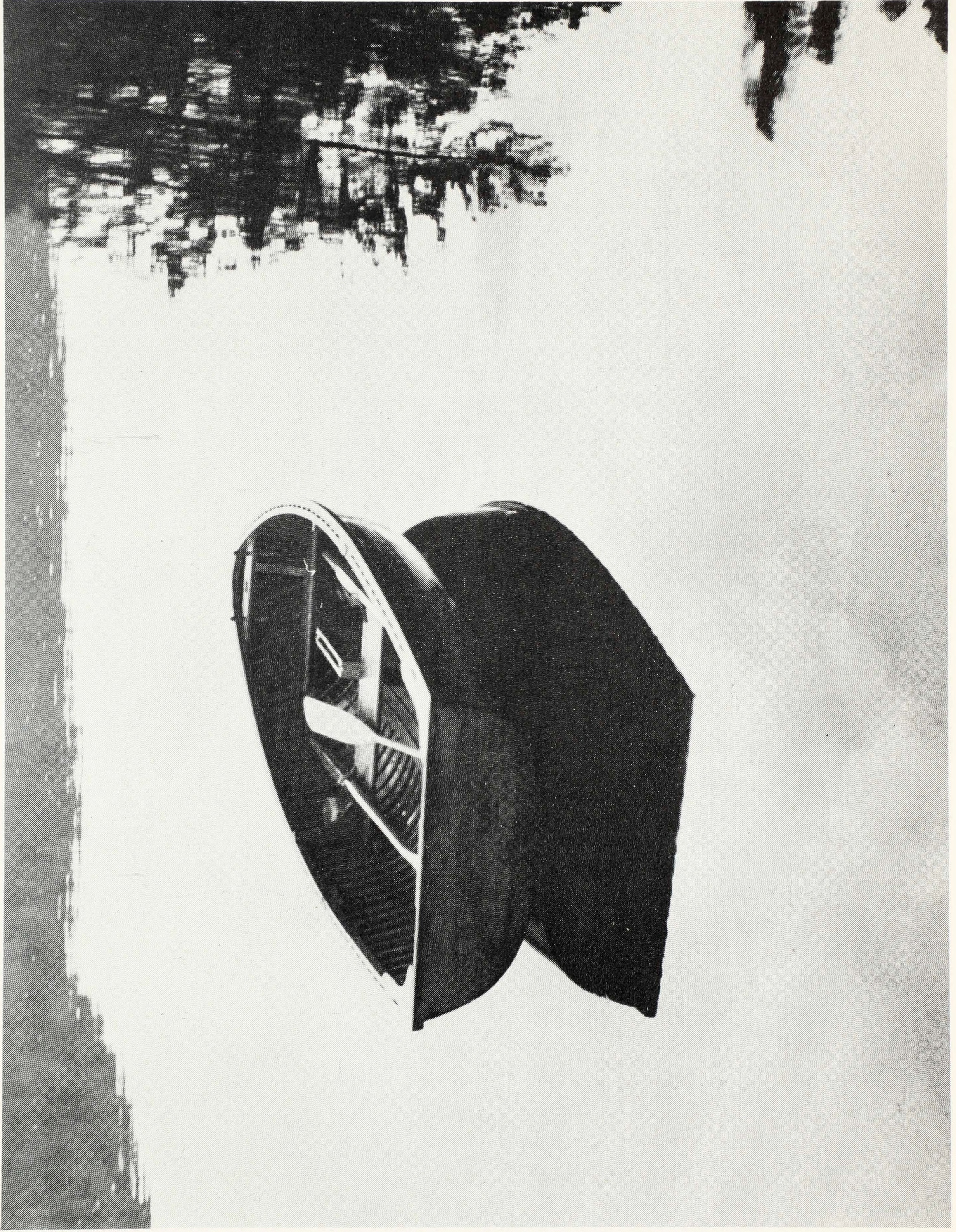


to him. He *never* found learning hard . . . it was the dull routine and the farce that made him impatient to be gone. He and his water rat buddies didn't rouse much except the doddering old principal's impatience in trying to understand and sympathize with the younger generation's troubles and impertinences, and then his tendency to fly into tirades on the lack of common sense in humanity . . . which left Ben cold. Ben never worked on anything *he'd* call *common* sense.

I expected to see old Ben slouched against the steaming radiator every two or three days of a winter week . . . he never came to school if it was warm and nice enough to do something more useful. Mr. Jotson would be there fidgeting about, his long chalky ruler shaking from his thin befreckled hands, looking frail and ungainly, disturbed, as if he awaited the attack of a lion . . . while old Ben lounged with incomparable ease, astutely considering the great founder's bewhiskered likeness to which Ben himself had added red eyelashes years ago. He'd ask me how the hell his kidstuff pal was when I passed him on my way to the long, dingy, wet-smelling cloak hall, and Jotson Inc. would make a mental note for the next PTA meeting . . . the never-ending source of humor for my Dad's queer sense of wit. That school was a sort of nightmare to me, but a panic to Ben and his pals. The ruler-wielding poorly-paid founts of learning instilled little more than a sense of physical fear in us most of the time, but with Ben, it seemed he was all grace in enemy territory. But what we never learned from books was a lot about human nature striving against poverty and ignorance in a little maritime fishing village. Ben would laugh, his head thrown back, his even teeth white against his dark skin, as the timid teenaged, almost women, girls passed by, putting on self-defensive airs, hugging their inked brown scribblers and ratty old textbooks, thumbed by generations of villagers before them. Ben appealed to and disturbed the *raw* in people but also their love of the freedom and wild spirit of sun and wind and sea. His crazy laughing dark eyes, thick curling blond hair, the firm line of his bronze face, the way he wore his paint-besmattered and faded blue jeans, his thick rough work boots . . . it all sort of grew on you until everyone else around him seemed primped up and stiff and foppish, sickly from century old inner consumption that was draining away everything strong and gold in man. His very careless but effluent motion bore into legit people's nerves . . . it disturbed their pernickety dying constitutions that were always trying so desperately to bottle up, can in, arrange, rearrange, fix, fix, fix, until their whole little white and black world is laid out in sick inch by inch cubes . . . but you couldn't box in Ben Hanson for long . . . anymore than you can the sea and sun and wind. In the end, anyone who's sensed the living pulse of man alone in Nature and that sympathy that passeth understanding will come to love what was wild and sincere and good in a guy like Ben . . . he was as good a noble savage as any.

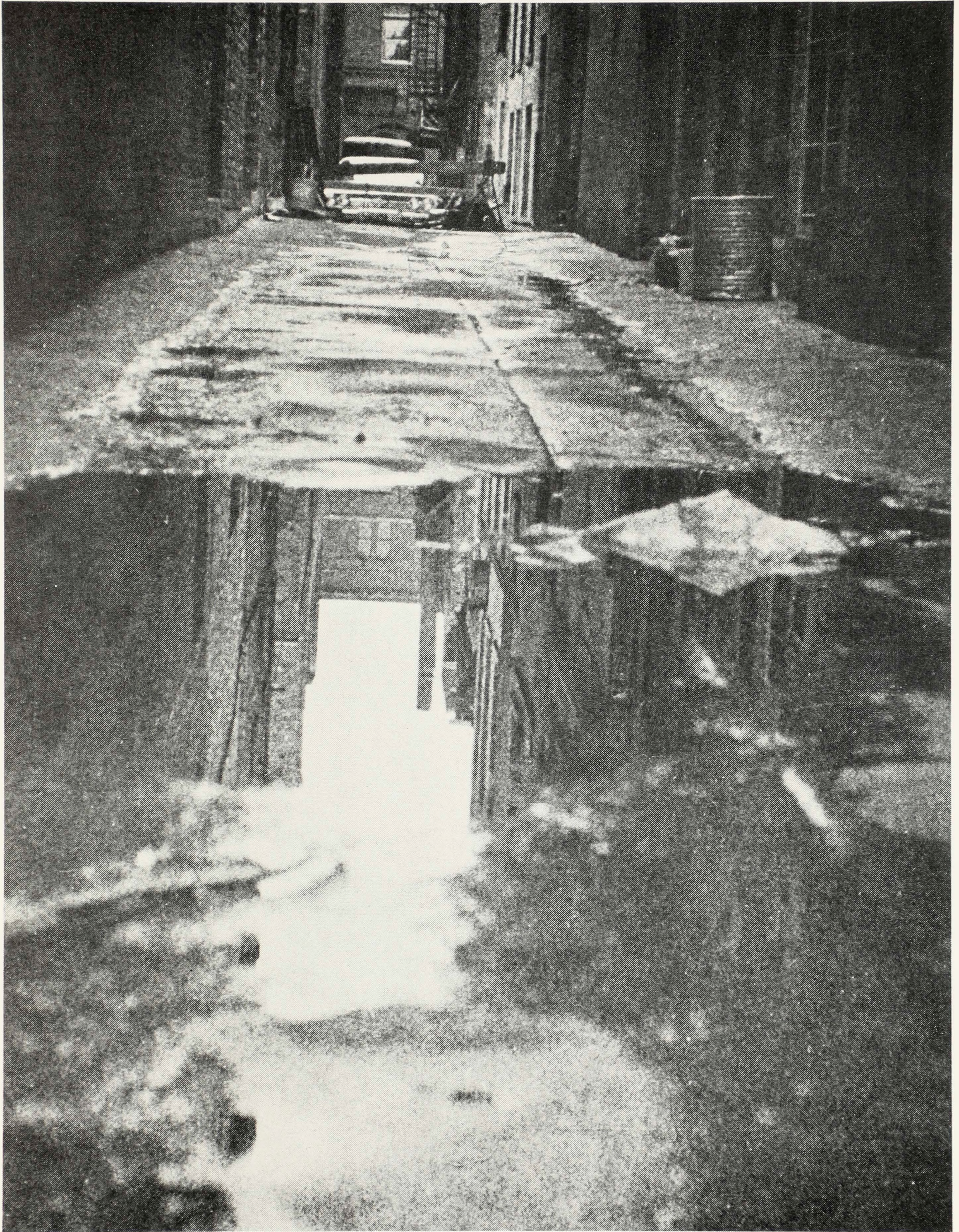
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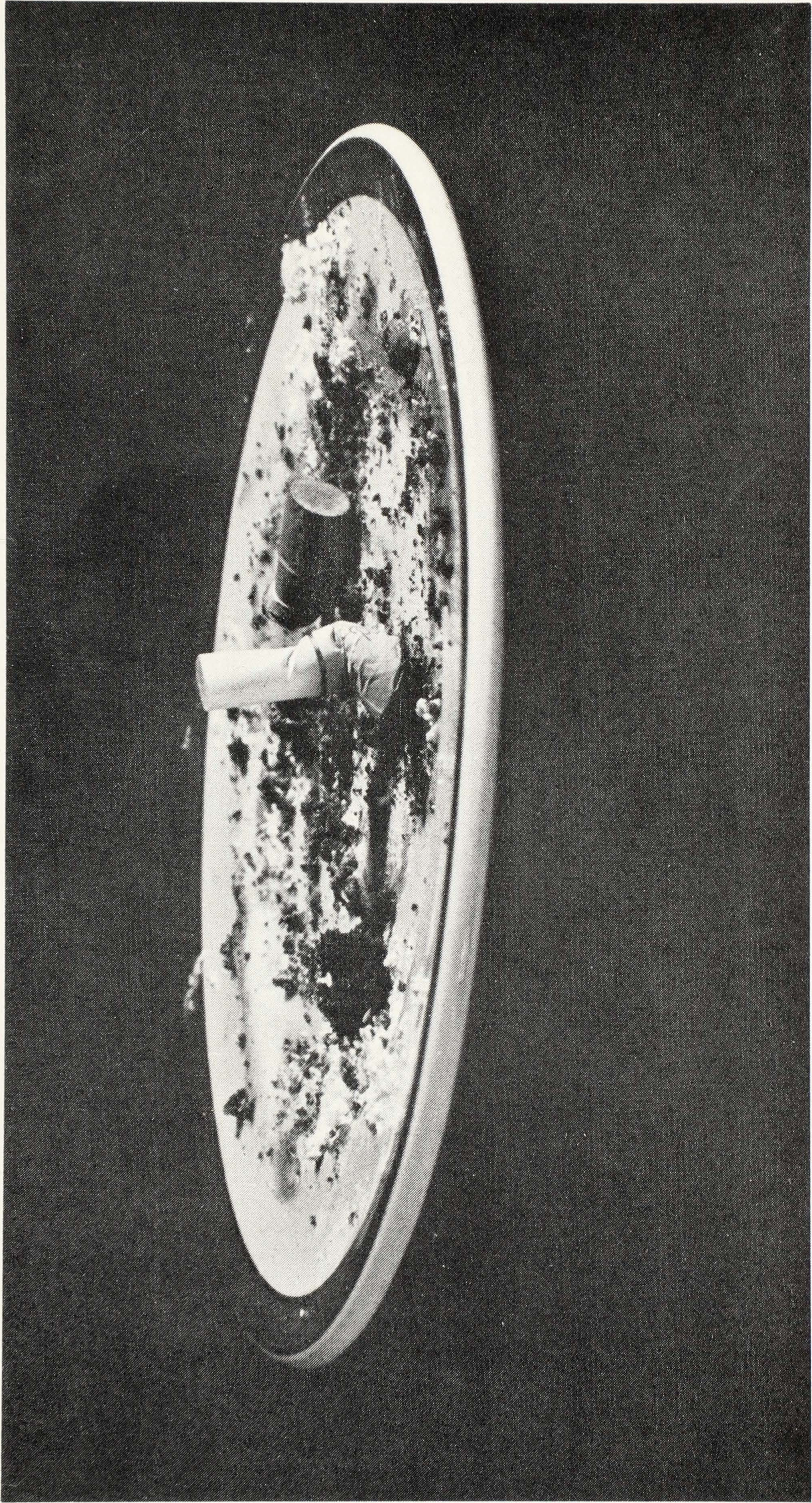
JEAN BURKHOLDER





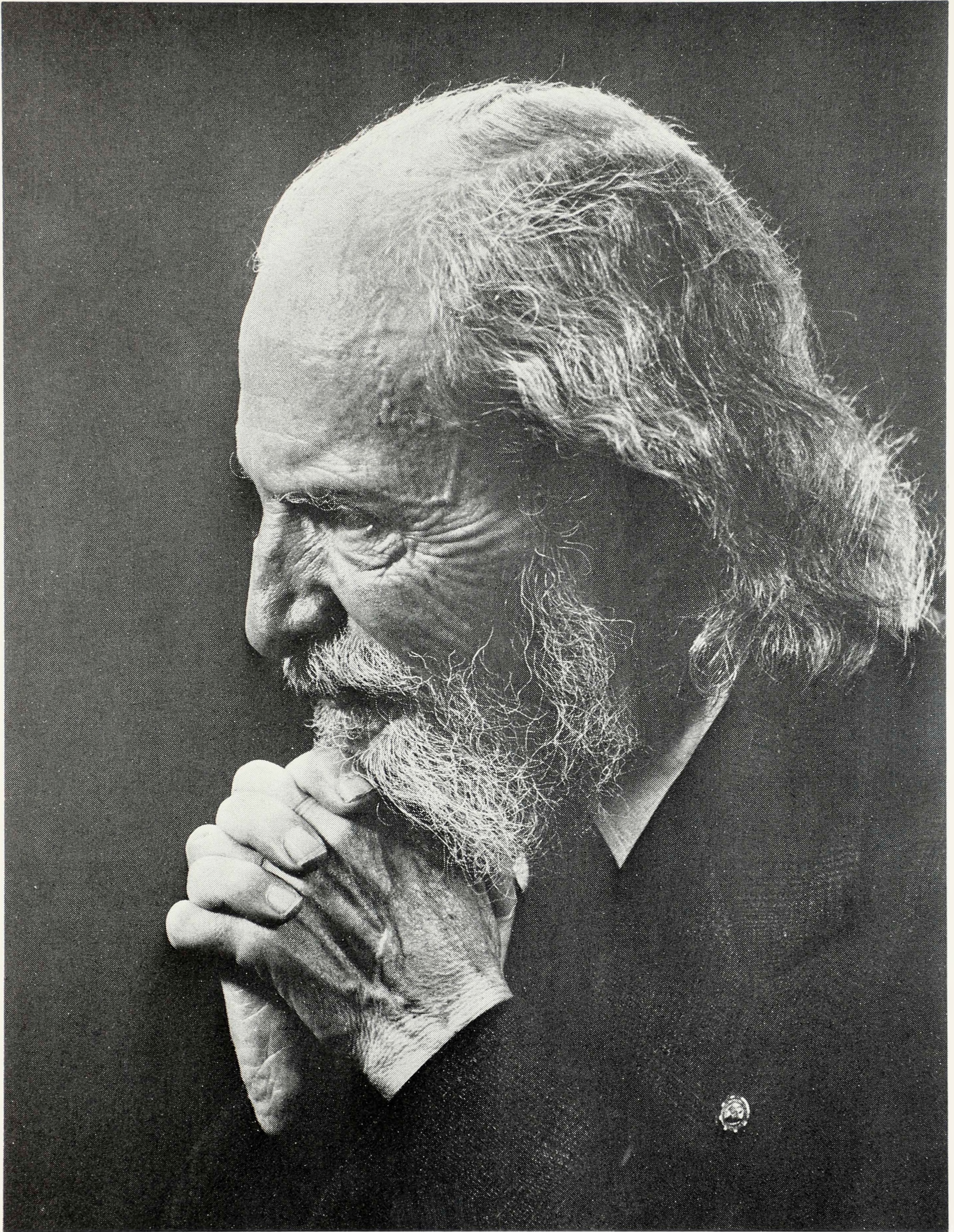
HANS MARTIN





LYLE McNAIR





ARNIM WALTER



## BEN — Part II

It was in our rickety old edifice of bethumbed culture that Ben discovered Lili Demesne. Like Ben she couldn't be contained by its dingy and oppressive atmosphere. No matter where she was Lili made everything else seem dull. When she saw Ben and his scruffy friends that very first morning she seemed to look right through them and told them with her silent disdain they could go to hell. Most of them took the hint. She wasn't large-boned but was tall and firmly slender, with the black and feline grace of a panther. Most people she looked through got the oppressive impression they didn't exist as individuals. Her utter self-control and glowing beauty cut Ben to the quick. He imagined her as some kindred spirit at first but Flick warned him she was as inhuman as she looked. Her indifference to him set in a reaction and he ignored her at first as some sort of tomboy or freak. But then he would watch her almost unconsciously, the way she gathered up her books with her long slim powerful hands, throwing back her long hair from her shoulders. He came to school that autumn . . . day after day . . . cleaner than usual . . . until Mr. Jotson began to hope again for the younger generation's urge to better themselves even in the depths of provincialism and poverty. Ben would sit in his dwarfed desk, sturdy and calm. He wondered for the first time what a girl, this girl in particular, was thinking of . . . what motivated her . . . why her strength and fierceness? But he *felt* this far more than he truly consciously thought it out. She became fascination personified . . . the sea's magnetic challenge was no greater than her's. When he tried to ignore the tense emotions she aroused it was like a mysterious gold flame kindled. He had always reacted to women and the sea with instinct cultured from experience. Challenge was met by the raw word of Being and Action . . . but Lili evaded him. Ben and Flick would be flying high along the back harbour road when they'd see Lili sunning her lithe golden body on a woolly blue blanket in the backyard of her parents' tiny bungalow on the crest of the back harbour hill. Flick positively abhorred her facile indifference but Ben would stop in the middle of the road and then convince Flick they needed a rest. He'd hang over the back fence and try so desperately to start a conversation on any level about anything that it almost made Flick ill, and not from cheap rum. Maybe for lack of much else Lili would get Ben to do handstands and back flips and even cartwheels until he was too dizzy to think straight . . . and she did them right along with him, while old Flick sat quiet like a morose dog on the woolly blanket, his bottle empty. But that was it . . . that's what Ben was good for in Lili's eyes . . . some sort of amusing agile animal. Flick could hardly bear it. In some ways she *was* like Ben. She could run and swim and sail as



well as most boys her age. She was strong and clean, but she hardly laughed except to ridicule, and you never really knew what she was at her core. Ben admired her honesty, the way she impulsively told people what she thought of *them* and *their* ideas. But more so, he wanted her for some reason he could never explain . . . she was just different from any one girl he had known. She never led people on about herself nor helped them concoct personal plasters, but any sympathy she expressed was condescending and she felt and revealed her intellectual superiority with brutal incisions. Ben wanted her for the overt qualities she possessed — as for the rest, it didn't really bother him at first.

He took so much of her ridicule and Flick had given him up for lost when he decided Lili wasn't to be won with his sort of raw approach. The other approach he vaguely apprehended but refused to believe any girl was worth a complete overhaul of his personality. But she still mulled around in Ben's Being until it was like an Obsession. It was as if he were waiting out a storm, hoping for a calm that never really came. Soon it was mid July and the small craft races were on. Lili and Nickson were in the same race as Ben and Flick, who had taken out as usual Carsen's part bluenoser. Ben had generally won that course since he was fourteen and he meant to win it again. He was the best the village had in some respects, but his fame was of the unrecognized and unmasked-for type. People more or less regarded him as infamous . . . they deplored his lack of breeding, his bad language, his rowdy nature. He seemed contrary to all the things they worked so hard to acquire, or fix. There was nothing especially *good* about Ben Hanson to most villagers . . . there was nothing admirable in being wild and crazy. You could understand their point of view because Ben never did much to let them know he was any better than they thought — morally speaking. That's what it came down to. But Ben and Flick handled the *Anna Marie* like she was born for them. When the starting pistol rang out in the morning silence her sails swelled with assurance and hardly rippled in the stiff wind. There was easy grace in every tack and sweep she made as she skimmed seaward. Soon she became little more than a slim gold streak with white wings riding atop the curling swell. I could see old Carsen watching her keenly, feeling every sweep and tilt she made. She stayed foremost the whole race with her easy unhurried grace and fluid strength. Towards the end Nickson came out as a minor threat but he kept lurching her in his hurry to get in. Flick ran up for his first and there was old Carsen giving the two of them the big line about getting them to take the *Anna* down southways and racing her against the best. You kept feeling that Ben and Flick were the making of that little bluenoser model. Lili jumped up off the raft looking all wet and tired and began to congratulate Ben in her own peculiar way. She somehow made his victory defeat. She



wasn't exactly a poor loser but she was hypersensitive about losing to someone to whom she felt superior. It took a great inner struggle before she'd admit fair loss. She'd try to beat people down with her direct attacks of intensive flashing wit, and tried her best to make Ben look like a lucky fool.

"I've been asked," she said, "to ask you to Nickson's party tonight . . . but I'm sure you wouldn't be going. You couldn't possibly appreciate them."

"Because I wouldn't fit in," he smiled.

"It's only 'cause you don't *try*, Ben."

Quietly he said how honest she was, and maybe she understood him . . . but what did she really think of him? She looked genuinely surprised and smiled inwardly, "I hardly thought in that direction at all but now you ask and the thing you want is honesty . . . people like you get on my nerves when I've been around you too long . . . I get tired of everything being so plain and cold and wet . . . you dress like a bum all the time and don't try to make anything of yourself. You're just so tiresome to me, that's all!"

"It's pretty true," he said looking at her hard, "I'm not out to acquire much the way you are, but we're both, well, honest about . . ."

"Oh!" she cried impatiently, "I'm honest with you people because there's no reason not to be. It's all that's worthwhile and why waste time going round about? But if I want something, poor boy, I'd do anything to get it." She exulted in her recognized power, feeling the peak of his submission as something more than she'd thought before when Ben started to laugh as if all the absurdity of months had suddenly dawned upon him. He sat down on one of the lobster traps and just looked up at her as if she were some funny dream. She grew flush with indignation but was quick to understand, "It's the only way you people know how!" She started off but he caught her, "How to what?" "How to *stand* up to us . . . you're so weak, it's your defence . . . you laugh and I admit it's more *dignified* than crying," and she turned on her rubber-soled soiled sneakers and left his life forever. There had been white anger in Ben's face once for her, then bewilderment . . . now he understood. He thought back. It was her dynamic presence that first had arrested him . . . like she knew the worth of things the way she confronted the world so deliberately straight. She talked with her bright eyes and strong firm hands. You thought she was sure of herself in body and mind but you never really *knew* her. She was always *ready* for you. She never gave you a chance to be off the defensive. You were always protecting yourself. She was too *invulnerable*. It was what she wanted out of life that Ben finally recoiled from. She worked in the potato fields in the summer to earn money to go on to college, although her parents would rather have seen her securely married off. She had no time for Ben because she felt his kind came a dime a dozen . . . no money, no ambition, no future. When she had passed him by with



her long shining hair bound up in a red scarf it was as if he didn't exist and some inferno within Ben cried out for recognition. It wasn't love he felt or wanted from Lili, it was more basic than that . . . and stranger. It was linked to the fundamental antagonism between two different natures — the one sufficient unto itself but ever feeling the pulse of emotions, seeking at least to comprehend the other — totally dependent upon what one could *acquire*, ignoring the first as useless to its drive.

After a big gale when Ben almost grounded Crushots' working launch on Lutchawee rocks, and nearly lost a couple of other lives at it, all for the sake of getting back his infernal canoe, Ben disappeared for awhile. He was sore at everyone but mainly himself. Somehow Ben was losing faith in his personal God who had seen him through so much. He was a great believer if he was anything. That isn't to say he went to Church or outdoor meetings or anything disastrously formally religious, but he had an unholy tear of God . . . in spurts. It didn't matter that he used His name in vain, that he drank too much, that he smoked like the devil, that he stole more than once, that he cheated at cards, that he did a lot of things good Christian folks in the Maritimes preach against with all their Evangelism . . . he still believed in his special God. He hadn't a good memory for the evil things he did because he lived from day to day and hardly took stock of himself, but he knew his God remembered them. He was the one who let him know when he was going too far, when it was time to straighten things out between them. So he left for awhile. Village platitudes and pettiness constrained him. He had to break out and build himself anew. He'd return from working down in Bridgewater with a new confidence and carefreeness. He wasn't so different from a lot of young fellows with fleeting hopes, too much freedom, and too little money and ambition to get further than the hard life at sea and on the piers. Ben never dreamed about really great projects. He may have hoped but he never built castles in the air. He never deluded himself for long . . . he lived happy or sad on the dead level of existence. Potentially he seemed to have so much . . . but you can't acquire genuine ambition. You seem to have it or you don't. In the end, though life was kicks from one day to another where did it get you to knock yourself out, with anything for anything? Nothing was worth a *long* stretch of misery. Anyone who really knew Ben knew that what motivated him every moment of his life was heart. He never denied it. He may have looked back occasionally and laughed at himself . . . but the here is here and you feel it as you *are*. With Lili it was as if he had asked his God to aid and abet him and He'd let him down. But He really hadn't. Ben only wanted something he couldn't have and it wouldn't have been



natural for him to have won out. He felt intuitively now there was no way to Lili's feelings because she really didn't seem to have any worthwhile vivid ones. She was a dreamer and the world she looked forward to was one she'd been denied through positive lack of material wealth and position. She desired it fiercely . . . the world of china beauty, dewdrop chandeliers, bubbling champagnes, long flowing pale blue gowns and tingling crystal. But when she did get it, with all the social rounds, she had no more peace of mind than ever before. Her tomboyish ways, her love of sea and sun, were all part of the preliminary to further success. She was a sham, but she was an original success-to-be by pure will and she knew it. Unless you furthered her drive in some aspect you got little more than a whiff of respect, she was so bound up with herself. Her "finer" tempo contrasted with Ben's continued existence in the rain and mud and waterfront smoke, the eternal odour of cod and halibut, the rotting piers and the monotonous wash of the sea on rock and ship. His hands grew hard and rough with labour in gale and flood . . . his youth would pass into leathery manhood and the lines in his face from years of sun and wind and sea, the deep tired look in his once laughing eyes, would make him look old at thirty. Lili wanted no part of that kind of life. The poem he tried to write her was never one of her treasures of young love. She never remembered him with tender feelings, but if Lili was cold like one of her crystal glasses she never rang false to her cause. She never led Ben on either, and that's something. She may have ridiculed him but she never led him to believe he was anything more than a million others.

People like Ben Hanson go on living despite the Lilis of this world, and if they didn't the world would be all crystal and ice, and get pretty sickening. If you like a Lili more than a Ben that's your prerogative, but God save the dignity of the individual soul that feels in despair and goes on living and rejoicing in what's just human in life after having seen the abyss in human nature. There's something infinitely sad and heroic about the way Ben Hanson caroused through this world. He belonged more to the elements than society. It was as if he were given special gifts . . . of feeling intuitively the fundamental joys and sorrows of human existence . . . of having to live through them again and again . . . knowing the absurdity but casually dying of intensity. He was never ashamed that things and emotions were real. To him, laughing, crying, loving, dying, having babies, accidents, drinking, disease . . . the whole of life was too intensely real to be hypocritical about. There's millions of people I guess who go through youth and life and die feeling the pulse of existence so directly and intensely . . . living by instinct, cursing their faults and redoing the same old thing the next day. Sometimes you feel what it must be like to live only by the heart. It's the oddest and most universal paradox that lets a man who feels life's absurdity live so intensely each moment of the road to death.

*Tammy Graham*



## *Poem*

And I, in stumbling innocence  
discover the crumbling remains  
of an April dream sweet-buried  
deep in this frozen mid-winter.

And sharp winds frighten silhouettes  
of plump starlings on the roof  
till feathers scatter in the snow,  
sit still in the shattering sun.

And in a rush, red-coated children  
run down slippery-sanded streets;  
their rocket-bursts of laughter rise  
crack, splinter, my fern-frosted glass.

Here, in these bright-windowed rows  
I find solace from cold solstice shadows  
winding about my sweet small world  
dripping from iced rose trees.

Oh break, my heart, into a thousand  
black-winged and star-shaped flakes  
and fall in fugues resounding loud  
through this violent, violet night.

Isabel Howey





Isabel Howey



## THE READER'S DIGEST IN ORILLIA

Through no fault of my own, one day last summer I found myself spending a Monday morning in Orillia, an experience tantamount to a Sunday evening in London. Out of boredom and as a thank-offering for a kindly professor in English 38, I decided to visit the Stephen Leacock memorial.

At the end of the lane was a youth in a booth who exchanged my two quarters for a ticket. He stopped smiling only when it became apparent that I wasn't going to purchase a souvenir for my car or stomach and indicated that I should go to the front of the house. Awaiting me there with placid contentment were two young ladies of high school vintage who sat on a bench beside the door. It was only when I had tried the door and found it locked that one of the girls spoke.

"You have to wait for the next tour to start."

"When will that be?"

"Whenever the next person gets here."

To digest and reflect on this discussion, I took my leave and struggled through the Leacock gardens to the lake. It wasn't long until my everglade reverie was interrupted by the sound of an approaching car. I timed my reappearance at the front door with the arrival of the rest of the tour, a lady with her small daughter.

"I'm here because I forgot the trains are on standard time and I went to the station an hour early," she explained, lest I misconstrue her presence.

"I'm waiting for the liquor store to open," I replied and our bond of friendship was sealed.

The young lady with the short straw in her hand arose and led us into the house. The first room contained a number of photographs on the wall, each with four or five persons in it. Our guide held us spellbound as she informed us of who was in each picture, without either having to look at them or take a breath between enumerations. It was a masterful performance and we left the room in a state of considerable awe. Our most impressive touchdown was Mr. Leacock's library. I was just beginning to focus my eyes on some of the books, carefully locked behind glass doors, when our guide politely interrupted me. After all, the tour must go on.

After being fleetingly exposed to all there was to see, we found ourselves face to face with a desk of souvenirs and Leacock publications. But mother and daughter had a train to meet and I had a liquor store to patronize so we couldn't linger although I suspect that the guide was willing. It's really a pity that Leacock is dead; he would love the place.

*J. D. Robinson*



## *The Dream of Eve*

He is my god of golden days

In a palace of pearl

A sapphire scimitar at his thigh

he rises from the scarlet running seas

and in his brawny arms

and in his bleeding heart

in a vortex of pride I die

I am an angel in blue silk

and all my ways are amberclouds

forever and forever and forever

I see through stars and sleep on threaded seas

This is the dream of all my days

the death of the serpent phial

the last garden lost

T. Graham

## *Little Walls*

*On the occasion of a back fence being built—*

Nobody noticed when the wall went up.

Wall it was, though only

Green spaced boards enclosing

One garden.

Nobody objected when those,

Who had but recently been neighbours,

Ceased to trample through unsuccessful gardens

To observe overbearing crab grass

Or see the yearly ant invasion

Still prevail. Gardens prospered.

They never knew that

Little walls become the bricks

For bigger ones, enslaving nations.

—RSL



probably a vital protection of the ego. Nor can the critic afford to be careless. Any judgment arises from a bias; the critical advisor (again a student) cannot hope to have reached the ultimate in objectivity. Thus, there are two personal limitations to constructive criticism: the person criticized and the person criticizing.

*Folio's* attitude as an advisor to the writer, however, is not to be mirrored in the reader-critic. Your duty is to criticize and correct — not in order to help the writer, but in order to discuss the merits of the writing. You may be as brutal and as destructive as you wish, for the author has presented his work to society in its final printed form and you, the critic, must evaluate it and place it where it belongs.

Too often, however, the only criticism of a literary endeavor is: 'I don't understand it.' We sympathize to a point — the current editorship of *Folio* believes that a university literary magazine must communicate. If expressionism alone is desired, 3,500 copies serve only to flatter the writer's ego. But a word of caution: communication is a two-way process. Before complaining about *Folio's* obscurities, investigate your own obtuseness. *Folio* attempts to help and encourage the developing writer — but it might just be worthwhile for you, the reader, to learn to read.

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